

NINE ARE BOUND OVER

In the Tyler Lynching Case—Three Granted Bond and Six Held Without Benefit of Bail.

Tyler, Texas, May 13.—When Capt. Rogers and his state rangers appeared outside the court room with their prisoners, following the decision of District Judge Simpson to remand to jail without bail six of those accused of complicity in the lynching of the negro on May 1, he was greeted by a considerable crowd, which jeered at the party, but revolvers were promptly drawn and the men taken in safety to the Smith county jail. Later a large crowd congregated in the vicinity of the jail, and it became necessary to fire two shots into the air to warn them away. The authorities believe that this crowd congregated through simple curiosity, but it was thought best to disperse it. Tonight groups of men were seen in the streets discussing the case, but no trouble is anticipated.

In his remarks previous to making the decision Judge Simpson, who was sitting as a magistrate, roundly scored violations of the law on the specific character of lynching and declared that so long as he was on the bench he would do all in his power to bring to justice the perpetrators of such deeds.

Of those who had been detained in connection with the lynching, R. E. Bryan and Audrey Campbell were discharged. Lewis Adams, Ross Ford and Horace Turner were granted bail in the sum of \$5,000 each, which they made. They have been released. Those held to the grand jury without bail are: H. F. Lindley, Joe Mattesota, Lewis Francis, Horace Austin, Birdo Pyron and Henry Hoybrook. They will be held pending the action of the next term of the district court, which will convene June 21.

The testimony in the cases growing out of the lynching of the negro, Jim Hodge, at the court house here on Saturday, May 1, was concluded this afternoon at 5 o'clock. The hearing has lasted since Thursday, May 6, with two days' intermission (Monday and Tuesday.) The testimony in the forenoon was devoted to all of the remaining eleven defendants. This af-

ternoon the state began putting on rebuttal testimony, which, together with the argument, was concluded shortly after 6 o'clock. The only testimony of interest of the state in rebuttal was that of County Attorney Roy Butler, who was in the jail at the time the first entrance was made and who remained there and near by until the negro was finally led away to the court house to be hanged. Mr. Butler testified that he watched the crowd with the view of ascertaining the identity of the participants in the lynching.

Arguments were made by N. A. Gentry and W. L. Dean of Huntsville, supplemented by a few remarks from Cone Johnson in behalf of the defendants. The state, through the district attorney, J. H. Beavers, presented the views of the prosecution.

Hon. W. R. Simpson, judge of this district, then made a few preliminary remarks before ending his order, stating in substance that he would "gladly make any sacrifice if it would recall the flagrant and uncalled for violation of the law in Tyler on May 1, when the law was trampled upon and brought into disrepute by the very class of people who need the law for the protection of their wives and property more than any other class."

If the administration of the law in Smith county does not suit the wealthy they can go to other places, but when you and I disregard the law and bring it into disrepute we do an irreparable injury to ourselves and our posterity, and I give notice now that any crowd which by mob violence overrides the law while I am judge of this district may expect me to do my whole duty in seeing that they are brought to justice. I am satisfied that men were implicated in this unfortunate affair besides those men arraigned here and it is to be regretted that all alike could not have been brought to justice."

Without comment upon the evidence Judge Simpson ordered R. E. Bryan and Audrey Campbell discharged, and that Lewis Adams, Ross Ford and Horace Turner be granted bail in the sum of \$5,000 each, and that H. F. Lindley, Joe Mattesota, Lewis Francis, Horace Austin, Birdo Pyron and Henry Hoybrook be remanded to jail without bail to await the action of the next term of the district court of Smith county, which convenes on July 21 next.

Immediately upon adjournment of court Sheriff Smith, with Capt. Rogers and his rangers, took charge of the nine prisoners and marched them to jail. Those who were allowed bail promptly made bond and have been released. Soon after the prisoners had been carried to jail a crowd of several hundred people congregated about the jail and it required two shots from the rangers to disperse them. When the rangers brought the defendants out of the court room they were confronted by a large crowd on the sidewalk and Capt. Rogers of the state rangers was forced to clear the walks with drawn revolvers. There was some little jeering, but the rangers acted as coolly as boys at play.

Defendant H. F. Lindley has been attending college here and is from Huntsville.

The rangers will remain here under Judge Simpson's instructions.

Judge Simpson left tonight for Camp county, to hold court.

HIS CALL A BUSINESS ONE.

Poor Old Beggar Was Not on This Particular Occasion Looking for Charity.

The prosperous wholesale grocery dealer had sold out his business preparatory to departing for the west to live. He was reflecting, the next morning, on the prospect of getting a good price for his house, which the day before he had advertised for sale, when the doorbell jingled merrily.

"Sir," said the maid, putting her head in at the library door a moment later, "it's the old beggar from the corner near your store, sir."

"Old Joe, the beggar, eh?" rejoined the retired business man, taking from his pocket a coin. "I presume the wretched old fellow missed my customary contribution this morning and is come for it. Here, give him this dollar."

The maid went away with the money and again returned.

"I gave the dollar, sir," said she, "and he seemed very thankful for it; but he says he'd like to speak a moment with you on business, sir."

"What business can that old beggar have with me?"

"He says that if you can bring the price of this house down to \$20,000 cash, he'd buy it, sir!"—Judge's Library.

SEVERAL KINDS OF ACCENTS.

Observant New Yorker Noted the Different Pronunciations of Singers in the Choir.

"In so cosmopolitan a city as this," began a man who was on his way from a choral service at one of the New York churches, "I fancy a choir master's duties are doubly hard."

"How so?" asked his companion, who, though less observing, had sat through the same service.

"Because of the various pronunciations of the members of the choir. Today I heard distinctly four different methods of pronouncing the word 'mercy.' It took me some time to figure them all out, but I happened to know the line 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' etc. There were some who said 'moicy,' and they seemed to be in the majority; others sang 'mercy' with all the brr to the r that they could get in; still there was some one, a soprano who pronounced it as if it were spelled with a double e, 'meercy,' and some one gave it a French finish and said 'mercy.' Now I don't doubt that choir master has worked over those people in his effort to get a uniform pronunciation, but so far, at least, my perhaps too critical ear, he has failed to do so."

Collar Button Defender.
The collar button has been in vogue since it first came into being it has provided the writers of jokes for the comic papers with a large share of their material. That it possessed a remarkable tendency toward losing itself has been accepted almost as an axiom.

Facts have come to light which show that the collar button has been maligned. A man in the employ of the Burlington railroad has worn one collar button for 28 years. It has stuck by him without any undue precautions against loss and has never shown a tendency to wander.

This man says he has always treated his collar button kindly, has never sworn at it nor blamed it for his own faults. His idea is that if mankind accords due respect to the collar button it will reciprocate.

Not for Her!

"With one wave of my wand," says the fairy, "I can make you grow young again."

"Excuse me," replies the woman, "if I decline your kind offer. If you can bring youth to me at my present age, all right; but I positively refuse to travel back through pyrography, the first stage of bridge, the habit back, the straight front, balloon sleeves and all the rest of the fads I can remember."—Life.

Didn't Mean Anything.

"One can't help knowing," said a dandy, "when one is good looking. Why, I got off at a small station the other day in the country, and I must confess that I attracted a great deal of attention."

"It doesn't mean anything," said his friend. "Why, when I got out of the Grand Central station I met a crowd of men who yell 'Hansom! Hansom!' at the top of their lungs."

Giving Work to All.

Miss Eastman, secretary of the New York branch of the American Association for labor legislation, says that somehow a plan must be devised that will give men the right to work. Surely, she says, it is an unintelligent society which will let men who want to work starve, beg or steal. Surely this country is prosperous enough to afford an eight-hour day six days in the week for everybody.

Criminologists Interested.

Countess Boos Farrar, a niece of Archdeacon Farrar, has secured 75 acres at Spring Valley, N. Y., and will build there a home for the children of criminals, to make a trial of the theory of inherited crime, as well as to give homes to the waifs. She gives all her time to the care of those sick and in want.

His Magical Coat.

Jack the Giant Killer boasted of his invisible coat.

"My wife can't ever give it to a tramp," he said.

CARPET SWEEPER TOO NOISY.

Dealer Left with Memory of Good Joke to Compensate Him for Loss of Sale.

A hardware dealer in town tells a story about a prim old lady who came into his store the other day to purchase a carpet sweeper. She gazed here and there about the store as she entered, and finally going up to the dealer she looked at him quizzically over her glasses and asked: "Do you keep carpet sweepers?"

"Yes, madam," replied the dealer, and naming the two kinds which he had in stock, asked which she desired.

"Well," said the lady, "you may show me both kinds, if you will."

"Just a moment, madam, until I get them from the rear of the store." And with that he went to an obscure corner and took down the carpet-sweepers from their hooks upon the wall.

It happened that in front of one of the makes which he desired there was a lawn mower so hung that he had to move it. He took it down from the hook and as he did so it rolled along the floor with a grinding rattle.

Before he had time to turn around he heard the old lady shout from the front of the store: "That makes more noise than my old one, and I don't care to look at it," and so saying, she whisked out to the door, leaving the dealer to wonder whether the joke was worth the loss of the sale.—Portland Express.

MERE INCIDENT IN FOOTBALL.

Broken Collar Bone, Supposed to Be Enemy's, Considered a Detail of the Game.

There had been a hotly contested football game between the Steam Rollers of the Benjamin Franklin school and the Avalanches of the George Washington school. After the game was over and the contestants had returned to their various homes one of the heroes of the winning team complained of a feeling of soreness in the lower part of his neck.

"I didn't feel it until just now," he said; "but it hurts like sixty!"

His father examined it. It began to swell, and was very sore to the touch.

"I believe your collar bone is broken, my boy," said his father.

A surgeon was hastily summoned, and made an examination.

"Yes," he said, "the bone is fractured. How did it happen, Walter?"

Do you remember anything about it?"

"Why, yes," answered the boy. "I remember that when I tackled Skinny Morgan I fell on top of him, and I heard something crack, but I thought it was his collar bone."—Youth's Companion.

Not One of His Studies.

Miss Blank's second grade was notorious throughout the school for a lamentable lack of discipline. It was in this grade that printed reports were first issued to the children. One day Tom came home, proudly bearing the first formal record of his progress in scholastic lines. His mother, having been a teacher, was pleased to note that her offspring's ratings were of high order, but his lawyer father, having scanned the slip minutely, said gravely:

"I don't see any record of deportment here, Thomas."

For a moment Tom looked blank, revolving the possible significance of the unknown term, then his face cleared.

"Oh," he said, "we don't have that in our room."—Delineator.

Ability Appreciated.

Sir Charles Wyndham (speaking at a dinner) told of a young man he once heard of who was paying attention to a lady to the great disgust of her father, who remonstrated very kindly with him. The father said: "If I see you in this house again I shall kick you out."

The young man came back the very next day. "I told you what would happen," said the father, and it did happen. The young man did not appear for about five weeks, and then one day the father saw him coming toward the house, and immediately went and opened the front door. "Haven't you had enough?" said the old man. "Have you come again to see my daughter?" "No, no," replied the other, "I have come on behalf of the president of our football club."

Following Illustrious Example.

An art student in Berlin wrote recently to a brewing concern in Bohemia, offering to paint for the brewers "pictures suitable for advertising purposes—artistic, appropriate, attractive and cheap." He goes on to say: "Sir John Millais was not above taking 40,000 marks from a soapmaker for one of his paintings, to be used as an advertisement. Nor did he hesitate to offer other pictures for the same purpose at the same price. Why should not I, who owe my tailor, and who fear to look my landlady in the face, not do the same? Stay! I shall do better. Am willing to take less than 40,000 marks for my best work."

The Last Straw.

"Say, paw," queried small Tommy Toddlers, "why do they always put in a scythe when they make a picture of Father Time?"

"It is intended to represent the shortness of life, my son," answered Toddlers, Sr. "Time cuts people down, you know."

"But, paw," continued Tommy, "when Time shall be no mow, he'll drop his scythe, won't he?"

"Speaking of time, young man," said the father, "you go up and tell your mother it's time to put you to bed."

DUE TO PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

Life of Human Beings Prolonged and the Ravages of Infectious Diseases Checked.

During the last 50 years preventive medicine has done far more to alleviate suffering and to prolong life than the average man is aware. It is estimated that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the death rate throughout the civilized world ranged from 50 to perhaps 80 per 1,000. To-day in London, Berlin and New York the average lies between 17 and 19. This great decrease in yearly mortality is due principally to protection from infectious diseases now afforded to children during the first five years of life. In New York city there has been a reduction since 1873 of over 50 per cent. in the death rate of the infantile portion of the population. It is obvious that the probable lifetime has increased coincidentally with the prevention of diseases to which children of tender years are especially susceptible. Dr. Hermann M. Biggs of the New York city health department has estimated that "the expectation of life at birth in this city in 1866 was only a little more than 25 years, while in 1903, calculated on the death rate for that year, it had almost doubled, and equaled about forty-two years." Such statistics as these are certainly striking commentaries on the advance and triumph of medical research; for it is true beyond cavil that this progress has been dependent primarily upon the knowledge gained in the laboratories, the harvest of persistent investigation.—Dr. John C. Torrey, in Harper's.

JOKE AS BASIS OF LAWSUIT.

Interesting Case That is Said to Be on Record in Chinese Legal Annals.

One of the most interesting cases of compensation for the death of a relative is recorded in Chinese law books. A certain Wu was set on by robbers, and his head nearly severed from his body. His friends, finding him almost dead, with his head hanging by a strip, put the head carefully back in position and applied bandages. The patient, being strong and healthy, the wound healed, and the only sign remaining after a few months was a seam around the throat. Some nine years later Wu was sitting among friends at a banquet. Some one made a really good joke; all laughed; as for Wu, he flung back his head and simply roared.

Horror! The seam opened and Wu's head fell to the floor. All efforts to repeat the operation of the former occasion failed, and a perceptible gloom was cast over the remainder of the feast.

Wu's father, thus deprived of the future attentions of one of those whose duty it would have been to worship him after death, brought an action for heavy damages against the man who made the joke that precipitated disaster. Unfortunately, the case never went to a decision, as it was settled out of court on terms satisfactory to the plaintiff.

House with a Wrong Tablet.

A curious example of the mistakes of history comes from Paris. For more than half a century a house of the Quai Conti has borne on the front a tablet with this inscription: "Historic Memorial. In 1783 the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, officer of artillery, on leaving the school of Brienne, lived at this house in the fifth story." Then follows that the tablet was placed in position by his majesty Napoleon III. on October 14, 1858.

After this great length of time it has been discovered that Napoleon never lived in the house, so the tablet has been removed. Only another instance of how our most cherished beliefs are shattered.

How to Shake Hands.

Lady Violet Greville is trying to make a warm handclasp and hearty handshake popular. She is very glad, she says, that the "elbow shake" is going out of fashion. Who invented the elbow shake, she says, she does not know, but it is senseless, devoid of grace, with no charm or meaning. It used to be part of a boy's or girl's education to learn the graceful curve of the elbow that was necessary when hands were shaken.

On Missionary Tour.

Miss Rachel Costello and Miss Elinor Rendell are two English girls in this country lecturing on woman suffrage. They are described as beautiful young women, fine and gracious, and only differing from Radcliffe or other college girls in the United States in their genuinely delightful English accent. They will take a graduate course at Bryn Mawr.

Varying Impressions.

"The days are growing longer," said the man who keeps a lookout for the first robin.

"I don't notice any difference," said Mr. Sirius Barker; "they seem, as usual, to be getting longer if you count from one pay day to the next, and shorter if you figure the time between rent days."

Another Suggestion.

"What's the reason your boy doesn't like to work on a farm? He's fond of outdoor exercise."

"I'm workin' on that problem now," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "If these uplift experts could make arrangements to have plowin' records printed in the sportin' news, I think Josh could be persuaded to take an interest."

NO STEEL TIES FOR ACTOR.

Tragedian Comes Forward with Grievance for Which Real Sympathy Will Be Felt.

He had long hair and it was black, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. His voice was heavy, so heavy that at times it rumbled.

"Have the common people any r-r-ights?" he asked.

"A few," the editor admitted.

"And the uncommon people—how about them?"

The editor adroitly parried the question.

"State your grievance," he said.

The stranger assumed an impressive pose.

"I am an actor," he announced, "and while I am a very busy man, I find time to read the daily journals. In your sheet this morning, sir, I noted the statement that certain railroads are to adopt electricity as a motive power. In this connection, they will use steel ties instead of wooden ones. These steel ties, I am informed, are apt to carry powerful electric currents. There are times, sir, when, through lack of financial appreciation, actors are forced to use the railroads—but not the cars. I am a tragedian, sir. I have played Hamlet and Lear. Do you think it right for soulless corporations to force a Hamlet or a Lear to dance a frantic mazurka, as it were, from one electric-charged tie to another? Can these corporations do this unjust thing?"

"I'd like to see 'em try it," said the editor, as he turned back to his work.

WEDDING AN ENTIRE SUCCESS

Interruption by Snoot Judson Was Only Discordant Element in Grand Ceremony.

"Too bad, Sistah Sagg—suttin'ly 'twuz—dat yo' couldn't be at de wedding," sympathetically said Sister Tuggle, who had been present. "Ah-Lawdy!—'twuz one o' de most sonorous events of de present social season, yass'm! De bride, wid her hair all fussed up like it had been done wid an egg-beater, came uh-glidin' up de aisle, exceded by de rushers and six little girls disarrayed as angels uh-strollin' flowers in de way, uh-whilst de awgin pealed fo' de 'Weddin' March fun Meddiesome, follered by a whole pubeession o' swell-elegant kin folks uh-smellin' o' puffoomery like an observatory, and two little boys dressed like charrymbags, uh-holdin' up her trail. Pabson Bagster met 'em dar at de cancellation rail, and 'twas all gwine fine twell he done axed: 'Who-all giveth dis yuh woman away?' and dat low-down, triflin' gambler man, Snoot Judson, settin' back yander by de do', spoke up, and says: 'Ah-Lawdy! I could, but I isn't dat mean!' De rushers done put him out, razzah-and-ah, an' dat was de end o' bim. And den de pabson spoke de solemn words o' de sartrymony, an' 'most everybody cried, 'twuz so disinfecant."

"H'm—yass'm!" returned the lady addressed. "But what about de groom? Yo' isn't mentioned him a-tall."

"Oh, he was de conventional black."—Puck.

The Longest Word.

What is believed to be the longest word to be found in any dictionary—one that leaves even German and Dutch hopelessly out of it—may be turned up in Liddell and Scott's lexicon by those who can read Greek characters. Those who cannot may be content to know that this word which begins "lepadotemachoselachogaleo," proceeds in like manner through 78 syllables, and counts 170 letters in all. Of course, no ancient Greek ever used such a word as this in ordinary conversation. It is a comic word invented by Aristophanes for rhetorical delivery in one of his plays and means a dish compounded of all sorts of fish, fowl and sauces, which are enumerated in the word. The most ingenious English translation of it yet suggested is—"hash."

Couldn't Place Horace.

"They say that Horace wrote his poems in praise of wine," the school teacher said to the Billville citizen. "Who? Horace Greely? Never known he writ poetry."

"No, no—the other Horace, who comes from antiquity."

"Never heard tell of him, n'er the place he come from; but it's my opinion, whoever he wuz, that he had mighty little to do to be wastin' words on wine, when the country has more corn lickin' than it kin consume convenient; but, come ter think of it, the less said 'bout corn, new or old, in the north Georgy region, the better. The blamed ol' government is mighty watchful!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Poor Fellow.

Police Justice—The man you ran down swears positively you were grinding like a fiend before the car hit him.

Trolley Motorman—I was, your honor! But you will understand when I tell you that I was a chauffeur for three years before I got my present job, and from force of habit I thought I could steer the car to avoid him, after throwing the usual scare into him.—Puck.

Not a Lady Killer.

"They tell me, Mr. Slathers," smirked the fluffy young thing, "that you are quite a lady killer."

"They do me an injustice, upon my word," Miss Giggles, responded the gallant old beau, laying his hand on his heart and making a profound bow, "I catch 'em alive."

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J. F. RUSH, MANAGER.

With the Railroad Men.
Several representatives of the International and Great Northern road from Palestine are in Houston. Among them are H. W. Clarke, assistant general manager, who will remain over Friday in Houston; N. M. Leach, general freight agent, and T. S. Tarbuton of the legal department.—Houston Chronicle.

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